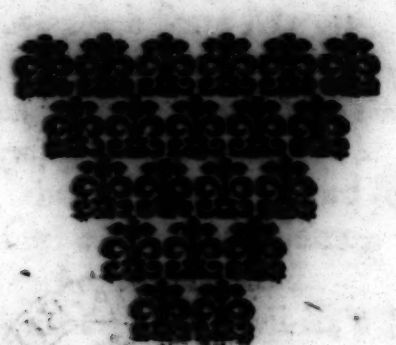
A 3

HYMN TO THE PILLORY.



LONDON:

Printed in the Year 1708.

9.

A

HYMN

TO THE

PILLORY.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

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A HYMN TO THE PILLORY.

HAIL *Hieroglyphick* State *Machine*,
Contriv'd to punish Fancy in:
Men that are Men, in thee can feel no Pain,
And all thy *Infignificants* Disdain.
Contempt, that false New Word for shame,
Is without Crime an empty Name,
A Shadow to Amuse Mankind,
But never frights the Wise or Well-fix'd Mind:
Vertue despises Human Scorn,
And Scandals Innocence adorn.

Exalted on thy *Stool of State*,
What Prospect do I see of Sov'reign Fate;
How th' *Inscrutables* of Providence,
Differ from our contracted Sense;
Hereby the Errors of the Town,
The Fools look out and Knaves look on.

Persons or Crimes find here the same respect,
And Vice does Vertue oft Correct,
The undistinguish'd Fury of the Street,
Which Mob and Malice Mankind Greet:
No Byass can the Rable draw,
But *Dirt* throws *Dirt* without respect to Merit, or to Law.

Sometimes the *Air of Scandal* to maintain,
Villains leap from the Lofty Loops in Vain:
But where can judge of Crimes by Punishment,
Where Parties Rule, and Ev——s Subservient,
Justice with Change of Interest Learns to bow,
And what was Merit once, is Murther now:
Actions receive their Tincture from the Times,
And as they change are Vertues made or Crimes.
Thou art the *Stage-Tree* of the Law,
But neither can keep Knaves, nor Honest Men in Awe;
These are too hard'ned in Offence,
And those upheld by Innocence.

How have thy opening Vacancys receiv'd,
In every Age the Criminals of State;
And how has Mankind been deceiv'd,
When they distinguish Crimes by Fate;
Tell us, *Great Engine*, how to understand,
Or reconcile the Justice of the Land:
How *Bastwick*, *Prynn*, *Hunt*, *Hollingw'd* and *Pye*,
Men of unspotted Honesty;
Men that had Learning, Wit and Sense,
And more than most Men have had since,
Could equal Title to thee claim,
With *Oats* and *Fuller*, Men of later Fame;
Even the Learned *Selden* saw,
A Prospect of thee, thro' the Law:
He had thy *Lofty Pinnacles* in view,
But so much Honour never was thy due;
Had the Great *Selden* Triumph'd on thy Stage,
Selden the Honour of this Age;

No Man would ever shun thee more,
Or grudge to stand where Satan stood before.

Thou art no Enemy to Truth and Honesty,
Nor is the Character of such defac'd by thee,
Who suffer by Oppressed Injury.
Shame, like the Exhalations of the Sun,
Falls back where first the Motion was begun;
And they who for no Crime shall on thy Brows appear,
Bear less Reproach than they who plac'd 'em there.

But if Contempt it on thy Face entail'd,
Disgrace it self shall be asham'd;
Scandal shall blush that it has not prevail'd,
To blast the Man it has defam'd.
Let all that merit equal Punishment,
Stand there with him, and we are all Content.

There would the Fam'd S——— I stand
With Trumpet of Sedition in his Hand,
Sounding the first *Crusade* in the Land.
He from a Church of *England* Pulpit first
All his Dissenting Brethren Curst;
Doom'd them to Satan for a Prey,
And first found out *the shortest way*;
With him the Wise Vice-Chancellor o'th' Press,
Who tho' our Printers Licences defy,
Willing to show his forwardness,
Bless'd it with his Authority;
He gave the Churche's Sanction to the Work,
As Popes bless Colours for Troops which fight the Turk.

Doctors in scandal these are grown,
For *Rabbi Zeal* and Furious Learning known:
Professors in Reproach and highly fit,
For *Jesu's* Academy, *Billingsgate*.

Thou like a True born *English* Tool,
Hast from their Composition stole,
And now art like to smart for being a Fool:

And as of English Men, 'twas always [illegible]
They'r better to Improve them to Invent
Upon their Model thou hast made,
A Monster makes the World afraid.
With them let all the States-men stand,
Who Guide us with unsteady hand;
Who Armies, Fleet, and Men betray;
And Ruin all the fourteen years
Let all those Souldiers stand in fight,
Who're Willing to be paid and not to fight.
Agents, and Colonels, who false Musters bring,
To Cheat your Country first, and then your King:
Bring all your *Coward* Captains of the Fleet;
Lord! what a Crowd will there be when they meet?

They who let *Paints* 'scape to *Brest*,
With all the Gods of *Carthagena* Blest.
Those who betray'd our *Turkey* Fleet;
Or Injur'd *Talmash* Sold at *Camaret*.
Who miss'd the Squadron from *Flanders*,
And always came too late or else too soon;
All these are Heroes whose great Actions Claim,
Immortal Honour to their Dying Fame;
And ought not to have been Denyed,
On thy great Counterscarp, to have their Valour try'd.

Why have not these upon thy swelling Stage,
Tasted the keener Justice of the Age;
If 'tis because their Crimes are too remote,
Whom leaden-footed Justice has forgot?
Let's view the modern Scenes of Fame,
If Men and Management are not the same;
When Fleets go out with Money, and with Men,
Just time enough to venture home again?
Navyes prepar'd to guard th' insulted Coast,
And Convoy's sent'd when Our Ships are lost.
Some Heroes lately come from Sea,
If they were paid their Due, should stand with these on

Papers

Papists too should their Deeds relate,
To prove the Justice of their Fate;
Their Deeds of Worst Performance shou'd be done,
And see the Trophy they shou'd own,
Let Or——d's Declaration there appear,
He'd certainly be pleas'd to see 'em there.
Let some blind Sinner scepticise,
The ravish'd Nunn, the plunder'd Town,
The English Honour basely spent,
The shameful coming back, and little done:
The Vigo Men should then appear,
To Triumph in thy Theatre;
They, who on board the Gilting Galoons had been,
Who rob'd the Spaniards first, and then the Queen:
Set up their praises to their Valour due,
How Eighty Sail, had beaten Twenty two,
Two Troopers so, and one Dragoon,
Smother'd a Spanish Boy, a Pimpalone.
Yet let them Or——d's Conduct own,
Who beat them first on Shore, or little had been done:
What unknown spoils from thence are come,
How much was brought away? *How little home.*
If all the Thieves should on thy Scaffold stand
Who rob'd their Masters in Command:
The Multitude would soon out-do,
The Gilt Coach of Lord Mayors show.

Upon thy Penitential Stools
Some People should be plac'd for Fools:
As some for Instance who whilst they look on,
See others plunder all, and they get none.
Next the Lieutenant General,
To get the Devil, that the Dev'l and all;
And he some little Badge should bear,
Who ought at Gallows to have hang'd 'em there:
This had his Honour first maintain'd,
Let every Thief be punish'd,
Then all the Spoil at Vigo gain'd,

Then Clap thy wooden Wings for Joy,
And greet the Man of Great Employ,
The Authors of the Nations Misfortune,
And Scandal of a Christian Government,
Jobbers, and Brokers of the City Stocks,
With forty Thousand Tallies on their Backs,
Who make our Banks and Companies obey,
Or sink 'em all the shorter way.
The Intrinsick Value of our Stocks
Is stated in our Calculating Books;
Th' Imaginary Prizes rise and fall,
As they Command who toss the Ballance,
Let 'em upon thy lofty Towers stand,
With Bags of Gold on the back, Dolours in the hand,
And write in Capital upon the Post,
That here they should remain,
Till this Endgame they explain,
How Stocks should Fall, while Sales surmount the Gain,
And rise again when Ships are lost.

Great Monster of the Law, Exalt thy Head,
Appear no more in Masquerade,
In Homely Phrase Express thy Discontent,
And move it in th' Approaching Parliament,
Tell 'em how Papers were instead of Coin,
With Int'rest eight per Cent. and Discount Nine,
Of *Irish* Transport Debt unpaid,
Bills false Endors'd, and long Accounts unmade,
And tell them all the Nation hopes to see,
They'll send the Guilty down to thee,
Rather than those who write their History,
Then bring those Justices upon thy Bench,
Who vilely break the Laws they should defend;
And upon Equity intrench,
By Punishing the Crimes they will not Mend.
Let every vicious Magistrate,
Upon thy sumptuous Chairs of State

Let him Recorded be
Till he shall Hear
Let no such Wretch
Or set debauch the Wives
Such who with Oaths
And Punish far less Crimes
Who against
With Trophies of
Upon thy Pulpit
Who turns the Gospel to a
Let the Fraternity Degrade him
Lest they
There let him,
And by Example
Next bring the Lawless Clergy
Who Preach those
Those Sons of God
Both to the Daughters
There Let 'em stand
And save the Reputation of the
There let them
And pray for all the
Let him be an Example made,
Who durst the Parsons Proviso so invade;
To his new Ecclesiastick Rules,
We owe the Knowledge that we all are Fools
Old Charms shall no more dark Scholars
Vain is your funeral Pomp and Bells,
Your Grave-stones, Monuments and Knells
Vain are the Trophyes of the Grave,
And to the Clergy's great Reproach,
What Man the Learned Riddle can receive,

Let him Recorded,
Till he shall How
If a Poor
Only
They
Such who
Till they
Who against
And
Those Ninnies, who
And build up *Rome* to
The real Author of
Who for Destruction,
There let
Till this Church
And by
How at Dissenters they
Who Preach
For there their certain
And Moderation,
Next bring
By *Innuendo* they might all
There let them Expiate that Guilt,
And pay for all that
These are the Monstrosities of Stark,
Who *by the slight of Tongue* can Crimes create,
And dress up Trifles in the Robes of Fate;
The *Masives* of a
To
There Sat a Man of Mighty Fame,
Whose Actions speak him plainer than his Name;
In vain he
To bring in
And to debauch a Milder Government;
With *Abdicated* kinds of
No wonder he should Law despise,
Who *Jesus Christ* himself denies;
His Actions only now direct,
That we when he is made a Judge,

To Day can Swear, to Morrow can Abjure—
For Treachery's a Crime to None but Cheats
Such without Scruple, for the time to come,
May Swear to all the Kings in Christendom.
But he's a Mad Man will rely
Upon their loft Fidelity.

They that in vast Employments lob the Land,
See them in thy Environs raise their Fate!
Let not the Millions they by Fraud obtain,
Protect 'em from thy Scandal, or the Pain!
They who from Mean Beginnings grow
To vast Estates, but God knows how,
Who carry untold Sums away;
From little Places, with but little Pay
Who Coftly Palaces Erect,
The Thieves that built about to protect
The *Gardens, Grotto's, Fountains Walks,* and Grove,
Where Vice Triumphs in Pride, and Lawless Love:
Where mighty Luxury and Drunkenness Reign'd,
Profusely Spend what they Prophanely Gain'd.
Tell 'em there's *Mene Tekel* on the Wall,
Tell 'em the *Nation's Money* paid for all
Advance by double Fines and Shame,
And let us know the Crimes and Persons how:
Place them aloft upon thy Throne,
Who slight the Nation's Business for their own;
Neglect their Posts, in spight of Double Pay,
And run us all in Debt the fastest way.

Great Pageant, Change thy Dirty Scene,
For on thy Steps some Ladies may be seen
When Beauty stoops upon thy Stage to shew
She laughs at all the Humble Fools below.
Set Sophia there, whose Husband paid for Clothes
Two Hundred Pound a Week in Farthings,
There in her Silks and Scarlets let her shine,
She's Beauteous all without, all Worse within.

To

What need of *Satyr* to Reform the Town?
Or Laws to keep our Vices down?
Let 'em *to Thee* due Homage pay,
This will Reform us all *the Shortest Way.*
Let 'em *to thee* bring all the Knaves and Fools,
Vertue will guide the rest by Rules;
They'll need no Treacherous Friends, no breach of Faith,
No Hir'd Evidence with their infecting Breath;
No Servants Masters to Betray,
Or Knight o'th' Post, who Swear for Pay;

No injur'd Author'l on thy Steps appear;
Nor such as *merit the Regret*,
The first Intent of Laws
Was to Correct th' Effects, and check the Cause;
And all the Ends of Punishment,
Were only Future Mischiefs to prevent.
But Justice is Inverted now,
Those Engines of the Law,
Instead of pinching Vicious Men,
Keep Honest Souls in Awe.
Thy Business is, we all Men know,
To Punish Villains, not to make Men so.
When ever then thou art employ'd
To prompt that Vice thou should'st Reward,
And by the Terrors of thy Gaudy Face,
The End of thy Creation is destroy'd.
Justice expires of Course, and Law's made void
What are thy Terrors? that for fear of thee
Mankind should dare to seek their Remedy?
He's Bold to Impudence, that dares turn Knave
The Scandal of thy Company to save;
He that will Crimes he never knew confess
Does more than if he knew those Crimes transgress;
And he that fears thee more than to be base,
May want a Heart, but does not want a Face.

Thou like the Devil dost appear
Blacker than really thou art by far;
A wild Chimerick Notion of Reproach,
Too little for a Crime, for none too much:
Let none th' Indignity endure,
For Crime is all the shame of Punishment.
Thou Bug-bear of the Law stand up and speak,
Thy long Misconstru'd Silence break,

Tell

FINIS.

A Commendatory Poem on
Poem on the Taking St. Mary's,
The Flight of the Pretender, a Poem.
The Siege of Troy, a Poem, by Mr.
Cyder, a Poem, in
The Countryman's Wish, a Poem.
The Countryman's Wish, a Poem.
A Poem on the Taking St. Mary's,
The Flight of Apsom,
A Satyr against Man,
An Elegy on Translated Verse, by
the Earl of Rochester.
Horace: Or the Art of Poetry.
The History of Insipids.
The Spon-Trap Club.
Lucretius on Death, &c.
The Medal against Sedition,
Mithridates, or a Funeral Elegy, &c.
A Poem on the Counsels of Abing-
don.
Hombres Scurrilgiosos,
Tentigenlia.
An Ode on the Incarnation, &c.
Hagnidia Dulcigenia,
Addison's Sublimity on Cyder.
Sydenham-field, a Poem, by Sir
John Beaumont Bar.
Quarry Birds Naturaliz'd.
A Poem on the Taking St. Mary's,
The Countryman's Wish, a Poem.
The Countryman's Wish, a Poem.
A Poem in Defence of the Church
of England.
The Apparition, a Poem.
The third and Fourth Translati
to the Story of the Quarry
Monks and City Monks.
Dr. Garth's Dispensary.
Memoirs on John Hall, the Famous
Robber, &c.
Mr Shefter's Narrative giving an
Account of the birth of the Pre-
tended Prince of Wales, &c.
The True-born Englishman.
The Husband, a Poem.
The Commoner, a Poem.